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WHOLE No. 1001.

Spirit of the Magazines.

From the London Metropolitan, for October. *Bowdoin.*

SONG OF THE PENDERELLS.

On the merry old keeper steps blithely by night,
When Hope lies a-bed at my rugged cottage hearth;
As he presses the wine cup to Pleasure's red lip,
And his hand wakes a strain of more exquisite mirth;
But no strain that he sings has for me such a spell,
As the deeds of my fathers at home Boscobel.

They were noble of nature, though peasants by birth,
And the sunshine of glory lies thick in my veins;
I would not exchange with the greatest on earth,
No more than a Bourbon for Penderell swains!
Then why am I hungry? I hear his strain well.
But there's none I delight in, like sweet Boscobel.

How often in boyhood I've clouded up there,
That no patriarch sheltered a hero and king,
While the light fairies o'er the moss, as in duty I gaze not,
Seemed to bear the proud tale on the courtier wing.
Till imbibing my soul to the wild witching spell,
I sang out the whole story of dear Boscobel.

O the merry old keeper steps blithely by night,
And I'll give him a seat by my warm cottage hearth;
And the wine-cup shall waken his spirit to song,
For there's darkness enough on this care-breathing earth.
Then strike up the harp-strings, and let the strain tell
Of the deeds of my fathers at home Boscobel.

From the London Metropolitan, for October. *Bowdoin.*

The French Prisoners.

The History of Reynaul.

How much our feelings are modified by the associations of ideas! Some objects there are which awaken them! The peasant, walking from their sacred sources, till through the mind, receive, as they flow, the reflections of the thoughts objects amid which they pass. Everything that we esteem is a nucleus round which associations have collected; there is a halo about it, and according to the number and nature of the associations with which it connects the objects around it, as one object is surrounded by more poetry, which is impassioned intellect, has poured its light on a scene, the spell never departs from it; yet it is not the scene, but the mind that is charmed. We people earth with ideal reflections of ourselves; the fountain has its spirit, the dell its fairy, the current its nixie. There is an allegory in the fabled existence of these immaterial beings; for, as they are generally impersonations of portions of our nature, ministers between us and the powers of the unsubstantial world, which we feign them to control: so they are the imaginary representatives of those powers by which we shall actually learn the secrets of nature, and through the possession of those secrets subdue her. But, apart from this, they give additional interest to the places they are supposed to inhabit. The mind enriches itself with its own thoughts, and is again enriched by them, as the prolific earth peoples herself with her own offspring, and then lovingly cultivates and adorns her; but there is a feeling of kindred, a bond of association, that unites them to each object, and to the whole. The mind, which is a cavern in which an ever-burning lamp is enkindled, and through which ever filtrate the waters of life, feeling, and poetry, reciprocally refine and diversify the rays that are thrown upon them, by blending and varying the figures their own forms present. As with the intellectual, so with the material—every object in nature, from the meanest light in: Being hallows what imagination sets down. The smallest weaves the thread that the brightest has spun. Nothing is mean, nothing is terror, hatred, affection—its associations with which we connect them endow them with much of the vitality of our own nature. To the mariner, to whom we were before indifferent, interests us when we find him to have been the relative or companion of one whom we love; and, in the same way, it astonishing how slight a connection will sometimes give an object his exchange in our feel. ings: an action, feeling, or circumstance is often sufficient. Memory is a mirror whose silvering steps a thousand phantasms people—a wall, whose shadows are never formerly lasted, and inhabits the depths. When we sleep, they upset wildly in the waters, and whenever their prototypes approach, they rise to the surface—to be instantly lost in the total thought recognises its original. But sometimes remembrance baffle me long, and shadow after shadow appears to rise before them, and the one seizes, or the delusion is destroyed.

From the first time that I saw him, I had felt an interest in Reynaul. My mind connected him with something of home, and I thought I beheld in some country dwelling in it; but I could not remember what. I had often thought of him, but had never been able to speak to him. Full of the interest, till his own words revealed it.

Several days passed before he was able to leave his bed, for that time I was not allowed to go unwatched: but had I done ten times as much for him as I had done, I should have been fully recompensed by the expression of his countenance. As is often the case, his feelings seemed to have become more sensitive as his frame grew more weak. He would frequently look at me with a wistful approach, and although, as I well knew, his anxiety to return to his native land had in no degree subsided, never did I see him express it, under the circumstances under which I had been allowed to retain him, did he express a regret that he was to be restored to his former liberty. But the evening before his return I went to visit him; I found him exceedingly dejected, but, relying on the influence which I possessed, I did not think to dissuade him from making any more attempts to regain his freedom by force or stratagem, and advised him to exert all his patience and fortitude, as might have done. I did this, not because I disapproved of a spirit of adventure, or preferred the listless apathy that would be occasioned by imprisonment, to the courage, energy, and activity that would cut its way through the very walls rather than be taken a prisoner; but still, I knew that the weakness of his bodily constitution, and the excitability of his nature, that the difficulties of such undertakings would present, and which their failure might occasion, would prove fatal to him. But my arguments were useless. "I know," he replied, "that you speak for my good; I thank and I gratified, and I fear that I am answerable for much of the mischief that has occurred; for it was I who suggested to the conspirator that had been so fatal. It is true that preparations for it had been in progress before I was a prisoner; but had I not pointed out the opportunity which the ion offered, it would not have been made use of.

"I regret it, Monsieur—deeply regret it; but I cannot give my word to remain passively in captivity, when I know I could not regain my liberty certainty of escaping. I will tell you my history, that you may judge if I am right or wrong.

"I was born in a little village near Dijon, on the part of the coast that has suffered much from our enemies. My father, though not a rich man, was above the laboring class. He had been a sailor in his youth, had struggled in adventures in foreign climes, and hence his character had acquired much of the hardihood it possessed; but he was an ardently attached to a seafaring life as your seamen are reported to be. He was a man of violent passions, strong in body and mind. I loved and esteemed him, for he was affectionate and just; but the feelings I entertained toward him were always leavened with fear. His wealth was considerable, sufficient to excite much envy, and his character being too well known to allow of his being wantonly attacked, he suffered compara. tively little during the turmoils of the revolution. But he had a brother who was less fortunate, and to whom he was strongly attached. He had been very successful in early life, and had acquired wealth which he lost in those disasters. My father then lost sight of him for several years; he often spoke of him with regret and affection, and formed conjectures respecting his fate in the event of all who had known him, but could obtain no certain tidings of him. We at last concluded he was dead. But one evening, a man in soldier's attire was seen slowly approaching the house. His figure was bent, his face pale and scarred, his appearance altered, and his left arm he drew near me, I saw that he had lost an arm. He stopped opposite the door, inspired my name, and asked if my father was living. I led him in: for a few moments my father did not know him, but when he recognised his brother, and saw his mutilated condition, he burst into tears. I was then very young, but the first part of the tale followed my father when friends like that of his brother have menaced him, face as if he would frown them down. I have seen his countenance wrought with passions that I dared not look on to decipher. I have seen him under more terrible emotions, but I never saw him weep but then.

"My uncle remained with us—our home was his. It cost us no deprivation to support him; but, had it been otherwise, my father would have shared his last morsel with him, or, what is more probable, had he acceded it, have given it all to him!

"The kindness of my father's heart overflowed his ship, renewed the best happiness of their youth. My father purchased a small vessel; it was a mere skiff, but in it he ventured the greater part of the time. They had been out in it one afternoon, and my father had returned home, leaving his brother and a man to whom he owed a child's life in charge of the vessel, and were seated in the large kitchen in which we then lived, when a neighbor came to inform us that an English man-of-war was riding off the coast. We hastened to the shore, where we saw her about two miles distant, standing with a fair wind toward us. At first we saw little cause for alarm, as it did not appear probable that she would make prize of small fishing-boats, such as constituted the greater part of the trade craft. But we saw a gun fired which announced to the vessel. The boat was already down alongside: he kept in. and pulled toward us. As soon as a gun which accompanied the boat was discharged, I knew that it would have been impossible for my uncle to have done this, and also that there had been another man on board. But a second gun was separated, and shouted to the first to return. My father knew his brother's voice: the man had fled, panic-struck, leaving him to the mercy of the waves and fire. All this passed in a few minutes. As we afterward learned from the man, being wearied by their day's exertion, they had both fallen asleep, and awoke to find the boat gone and themselves adrift, and even a man a port seemed to open in her side, like the mouth of a shark, with sails and flame. I was young, but a small battery now began to fire upon her, her discharges became more frequent, vessel after vessel hastened to her assistance, and our vessel was bounding on shore. The beach was a scene of confusion, some were flying from it, some hurrying to it, and the neighbors were not to distinguish relatives; but my father stood unmoved, his eye anxiously fixed on the vessel on whose deck he could still discern his brother, and inhaled the air with which it neared the shore. It arrived: the man sprang from it; in an instant he assumed his place, and, disregarding the danger, bustled to his brother's rescue. The boat lay still and waited him, when a sudden tremor was seen to pass through the vessel's frame, and in a few minutes she was gone. My father turned round and saw his brother struggling in the water near him. A few strokes of the oar brought him beside him; he assisted him, and they reached the boat. But when he himself fell back, stunned by a passing ball. When he recovered, the dead body of his brother lay beside him. The shot had killed him in his arms.

"The ship passed away in the darkness, like a mighty demon that fears the light—those who had escaped her fearful fire of the ship had done.

"O! Monsieur, how could I describe to you how that night passed! I will say but few words. My father's grief was great. He sat in terrible silence—his eye-balls glared on the fire—his hands were clenched—his features distorted with emotion—but his habitual countenance fixed in as. sage resolve. Even my mother feared to approach him, for she knew what outbreaks his passionate character was capable of. I sat down to rise, and shudder, as if some terrible phantom had crossed his view, and then sink trembling at his own apprehensions. It was the first night that a man of his mental and bodily strength so suffered by his feelings. I believe that at some moments a slight delirium had hurt him, at others he would have combated a giant who had dared to interfere with him in the least. It was not rage, but a concentration of any one feeling that possessed him, not a strife and inflammation of all; but in his great emotions it was always so: his passions, not he felt it—it is not discrepantly that I speak it—were one mind. This fit of emotion or intensity ceased not till the morning; and I heard his sweat, as he stood in the first beams of the light that broke upon him as the evidence of God's presence and in words that were the first that he had uttered since the era, an oath that he should be no more. And this oath I keep: he is living —unmitigable hostility to the English!

"He was not a man to shrink from the consequences of his actions, and, whether right or wrong, of, or to fail through want of promptitude in its execution. In a few weeks, he had invested the little property that remained to us, vessel, and declared his intention of fitting her for a privateer. She was accordingly armed, and having manned her with the most daring men he could collect, there were plenty ready to follow him, he sailed to execute his design. For some time he was remarkably successful, and his property was more than doubled, but his vessel was wrecked, and he never threw aboard. He returned home and fitted out another, but his good fortune had forsaken him. Effort after effort was unsuccessful, but his mind was unpersuaded, and he still persevered, and with the desperate enterprise of the gambler, but naively and firmly, and with the same resolution as at first; he seemed to stand above his fortune, to look down on the troubles that rose against him, as if he had felt as from the power of a god, to have compelled to his obedience the adverse clouds.

"It was now nearly six years since he sailed on a voyage, from which I first he was destined never to return. But I sometimes think that he survives, and am prone to bleed the visions I indulged of my own, with his restoration to his home. O, with what delight, should this war cease, should I receive my welcome from him as I caused my threshold again!

"I have given you my father's history; mine is briefly told. I was the eldest of the family, and at that time little more than twelve years old. My mother was a woman whose nature seemed the reverse of my father's; she was as gentle as he was stern; the strength of her nature was her love to him, and she seemed to regard him the more for the possession of those qualities of which she was deficient. Long did she remain in daily, hourly expectation of his return. When the sun set, we consoled ourselves with the thought that many hours would pass ere the morn, and that he might be certain of his return ere then. But many a sun rose and set, leaving our hopes unfulfilled. But it is well for the unfortunate to have many cares which pervert the mind from brooding constantly on one engrossing one, especially if that be one whose object despair has settled as lost. That division of our attention, which the duties of life occasion, is a most merciful arrangement indeed. We were poor and scarcely subsisted, and the first year or two that followed our loss were passed in a continued struggle like necessaries of life. But friends at last came to assist me, a great part of my uncle's property was recovered, and reverted to us, so that we were now richer than we had ever been. I was placed at the head of the sea, and added to it a desire of adventure, which is natural to young men. I wished to follow him on the boundless ocean, to the hope that, perhaps, in my day and descent of her might, I might be. lieved that a direct revelation had consigned the task to me. I wished, too, to signalize myself, by the proofs of worthy of my country, and on whom I loved. After I had made a few voyages, I persuaded my friends to purchase a vessel for me, and I was placed on board under a skilful seaman, one who was a kind, generous friend to me, and to whom the command was entrusted—it having been agreed that I should serve two years in a secondary capacity, and that the command should then be entrusted to me. But I was impatient; my mind was filled with romantic ideas: I was in love, too, and was to make my beloved my own as soon as I commanded my vessel. In it to be wrecked—I had heard all the eloquence that I possessed to moisten the period of my probation!' I reminded my friends of the success that had once attended my father; I painted the glory that was in the distance! I love me, Monsieur, she knows my worth: and O! I do love her so much she; and to be parted from her, and for a long time, for two years, was hard, and perhaps thinking me dead, it does tear out my heart! I left her; my friend, who had consented to my departure, joined me at Brest, and at the install the brutal crowd inflicted on her.

"I say, *Bah!*, said one, "she seems a rum customer—she isn't like a lady—she's darning!"

"Come now," answered another, "sweet one, don't mind him, but look at me—I'm your lad."

—Silence, followed a tipsiful, cursing out to appease the tumult.

"Can you tell," said the female, for the first time speaking, her voice tremulously low, but clear, "where my husband is?"

"Why, my love, do you wish to know," answered the heartless officer pertingly, "have you been a-looking for him? I'll get his berth for you."

This last act of brutality was too much for the woman, whoever she might be, and she burst into tears. Poor thing! the little love, who resisted at her mercy, the depths of a mother's woe. She was waiting then, amid insults, curses, and blasphemy, for her only, but she feared, her ruined son.

The great clock of the neighboring tower had struck one, when an infirmity friend has already excepted—my wife must think me dead and, good God, but for you I had been so!"

"Be not too sure of that," said he replied, but in my recollection glimpses of a stature that has recalled. The feeling with which they were associated was a mournful one. Whom could they be? Possibly his name escaped the lips of my Good heaven! could his father have been the captive whose death I had witnessed on my first visit to the prison ship? I started back, but the thought came grow stronger, until I felt certain that such was the case. I noticed the expression of his countenance, and of its vehemence, and of the pain them with what I remembered of that unfortunate man. His eye had a similar fire—his fire, held loose of a similar mould—and the form of his clinch was the same—his face had a similar length less powerful expression of passion and thought; but his lip was slightly altered, and I felt certain that did not promise to develope an equal bulk.

"Was your father ever wounded?" I inquired. Yes, often; he never feared danger," he answered.

"In the fire?"

"In the church and firehand," he replied, looking earnestly at me.

I hesitated for a minute to consider what course I had better pursue. At length I told him that I knew of the fate of his long-lost parent, omitting these particulars which I thought would prove most painful to him. But the narrative he received seemed to affect him but little, except by the most anxious attention; and when I had concluded, asked a few questions respecting the age, appearance, manner of the captive, and the time he had been imprisoned. He was then silent for some time, and appeared to be considering within himself what course he should pursue under the circumstances. At length, "Oh my! c'est lui: c'est lui!" he cried, turning toward me; and then clasping his hands, he fell down on his knees, and returned thanks in manner for some time, in which but one other sentence broke from him, and that not till some minutes had passed, and his tears had relieved him. Then raising his hands, "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, "et ainsi tourait depuis ans!"

That evening had him to the wind-, and showed him the spot were his father's remains reposed. His search for his parent had actually brought him within a few yards of the grave, and thus his presentiment was fulfilled in the letter, but broken in the hope. It was strange that that which he had sought so long should have been so remarkably under my cognizance, that I should have made the link by which their histories were connected, but his mind was unpersuaded, and with the desperate enterprise of the gambler, but naively and firmly, and with the same resolution as at first; he seemed to stand above his fortune, to look down on the troubles that rose against him, as if he had felt as from the power of a god, to have compelled to his obedience the adverse clouds.

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From the London Metropolitan Magazine, for October. *The Amulet.*

MY SECOND LOVE.

"He sleeps, dear! now, my beloved sleeps!"
Exclaims the anxious wife,
As on her pray'rful vigil keeps,
The watch her eyelids fill.

"He sleeps at last!" O grant it may
Remain his wasted strength,
And my beloved, from that sad day
May be restored at length!

O then benignant Power! to thee
I turn in my despair,
For where should hopeless sorrow flee
Save to the throne of prayer?

Fanden the heart that fondly clings
To earth here fleeting love,
And rear the mourner's weary wings
From its bright home above.

O if he must no more repair
To his congenial sphere,
Oh! by my wood long thought too dare,
And bid me thither follow!

But hi! the gentle slumber now
Which seals his wearied lids,
Appears peculiar of the vow,
And early fear forbids.

Calm as an infant, there he lay,
(In that he reflected)
That's wished the little guard away
Upon its mother's breast.

Deceitful calm! O semblance fair!
He will not wake again;
And she may watch in vain!
Yes—she may flatter weep and wail
In loneliness and pain—
Confidently whisper peace
Could only God be deaf,
And all its accents cease.

O! still her lovely soul should trust Him,
For never can hope vainly,
Or even quench the depths of woman,
That seek the mother's Friend.

From the Philadelphia Casket.

Leaves from a Lawyer's Port-Folio.

NUMBER EIGHT.

Alas! the mother that has here,
Had the left hers to pronounce there,
In his was to have been her last hour,
Her had not known her child." Scott.

The Widow's Son.

It was the last day of the old Bailey session. The morning was dark and lowering, and a fine, drizzling rain was falling from the sky. The usually crowded thoroughfare was deserted, except by those whose business, or more than all misfortune, forced abroad. Among these latter was a delicate, sickly, poorly clad widow, who from almost early dawn had been waiting in the cold and damp passage of the prison of some prisoners from within. Hour after hour passed away, and yet she maintained her position. The laugh, the jest, the imprecation of the hardened beings who was brushed by her seemed to fall unheeded on her ear. There she stood, half sheltered by the projecting doorway, patient and uncomplaining at the inhuman brutal crowd inflicted on her.

"I say, *Bah!*, said one, "she seems a rum customer—she isn't like a lady—she's darning!"

"Come now," answered another, "sweet one, don't mind him, but look at me—I'm your lad."

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The great clock of the neighboring tower had struck one, when an infirmity friend has already excepted—my wife must think me dead and, good God, but for you I had been so!"

Scarcely a year had passed away, since he left his mother's home, when one night a vessel might be seen, just without the gulf stream, bowling along before a stiff and steady breeze. A feeling of security, nearly akin to terror, would have filled the mind of a landsman, gazing for the first time on such a scene.

At last the sun went down. At first the lower edge of the disc just touched the horizon, and as if by magic, a stream of light came dancing and flickering along the tops of the swell toward the brig. In another moment half of his huge surface had disappeared behind the billows, bringing into the whole western seaboard in fire, against the golden background above, which first faded into a tint of a rich apple green, finally passed into that of the deep blue of the ocean, and then a deep and deeper sank the bright luminary to his rest, and gradually the shades of evening stole over the face of the waters. At length darkness reigned. Only a few stars indeed twinkled in the sky overhead, but as there was no moon, the light from them indistinguishable.

The captain and mate of that solitary brig stood together on the quarter deck, now gazing on the sky, now on the sea, and now upon the vessel's track astern in the wake, and now upon the long beaten at the first part of their destiny. They were both happy men, enthusiasm and with full and expansive, and little given to such moods. Why was it? Alas! the wing of their destiny hovered that moment over them, and well might the shadows lie deep and dark upon their souls.

It was the middle watch, and silence reigned on the decks of the vessel. Two beings stood by the foremast. They were a tall, mustachioed, brawny, Spanish-looking ruffir, and the English orphan boy. Their conversation was carried on in low and low. A few words, however, might be caught.

"It must be done to-night," said the Spaniard, "every thing is ripe—why delay longer?—the coast by only half in our favor and to-morrow he may betray us."

"Let it be then," said the boy, speaking with a fierce energy whose like you and a bitter hate in his words that told how he had changed, "let it be—I will teach him to strike me again." And he clenched his hand, and ground his teeth, as he looked toward the cabin.

"It is done, then," said the Spaniard, "you and I can easily manage them. We will run away south with the brig as you propose."

"Yes," said the boy, speaking like the leader in the meeting for his education gave him every advantage in counsel over his companion, "there are lands there where we can sell the brig and cargo without detection, and live like princes for the rest of our lives."

"Ah—Senora Maria—I shall see her then," said the Spaniard, and he kissed a stash reverently by which he ever secured his waist. It was a red silk. Who knows what tale of love was connected with that single gift?

"Forward there," shouted the mate, from the quarter deck, "what are you talking about under that forecal—take your stations at once."

"Now, whisper!" said the boy.

"Now—Christos," was the response.

The Spaniard left the forecastle, and came aft the deck. As he approached the quarter deck the mate, seeing he was obeyed, turned carelessly around, and whistling a song of home, continued to walk toward the helm. Hastily seizing an axe, lying near by, the Spaniard made one quick spring after him. The mate arrested his attention. He turned. At that instant the ponderous weapon went crashing through his brain. He fell like an ox dead upon the deck.

"Jesu—Maria—stir and I'll cleave you like a log," said the Spaniard, turning fiercely to the helmsman.

The man hesitated an instant what to do. He knew that the mate was dead, and that the captain, startled by the noise on deck, rushing up the companion way. He was about to spring forward to join with him in an attempt to save the vessel, when he saw the orphan boy strike him down. In a moment he recovered, however; but as he attempted again to push forward, the boy once more struck him with his cutlass and he fell, gored back into the cabin. The two confederates would have rushed after him, but they feared to go down the deck, for they should be caught in their own snare. They took command at once, promising his life to the man at the helm if he would aid them in navigating the ship.

That night made a dreadful change in the lot of that orphan boy. When the morning rose he remembered that it was the anniversary of his departure from his mother. Then he was an innocent boy. Now—oh! God—he was a pirate.

The court room was densely crowded. Every bar, bench, and gallery crowds of eager faces filled, of anxiously down. A trial of unusual interest seemed to have drawn them together; for unconcerned in law, hurried more, turning soon to and anxiously at the door, where the prisoner was expected to be brought in. Within the bar were seated the attorney, carelessly chatting together, or looking composedly over a new brief, apparently regardless of the interest of the crowd, or the fate of the prisoner. Directly in front of the judge's seat, the clerk, ever and anon, announcing the approach of the judge. With slow and solemn step he came, and as the intent of life or death, the court instantly arose, and every head was bare.

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"James ————," said the venerable judge—"stand up."

The prisoner rose mechanically to his feet, raised his eye a minute to the face of the judge, and then let it fall once more upon the ground. His head like ashes, and his lip quivered. He worked his hands convulsively.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, in a deep, solemn voice, but so distinct that the lowest whisper could be heard at the farthest corner of the room—"you stand here convicted, after an impartial trial by your country, of the crime of piracy and murder on the high seas. Of your guilt there can be no doubt. You do not pretend to deny it. Even through the crowd of agitating feelings which the heart of the court—

"Don't speak to me of that commission, Beatrice; an old hag with sunken eyes, and features all misshapen with wrinkles. She has not even the dignity of age. I would have made her sit three days in, if that were possible."

"Ah, poor thing!" "Nothing will suit my gentleman but young fame; but these fine fame bring no money all the while."

"Ah! if I had to paint the portrait of the young girl I met the other day! Only think, Beatrice, large blue eyes, full of languor!"

"Very good, very good! Pray finish your picture!"

"Beautiful fair hair; quite a rarity in this climate; her every movement develops a new grace. The sound of her voice!"

"Good heavens! the boy is absolutely in love with her!"

"The sound of her voice is the sweetest music. What a perfect model for a Magdalen! Not the penitent, but the virgin Magdalen, when she first dreamed of love, and felt the flashings of its fire."

"Will you be silent! That boy is a perfect tyrannus! What a misfortune that his father has been so unsupplied! Dislike painting old women, forsooth! What is it I see?" she cried, catching a glimpse of the half-finished portrait; "why it is the countess!"

"What do you say, now, Beatrice? Am I still a stubborn, lazy, head-strong, good-for-nothing? Will you be always scolding me?"

"Very well," continued Beatrice, with all the importance of a connoisseur; "very well, indeed! Good heavens! that has happened to her eye? it looks as if it were out."

"Oh!" replied the artist, laughing at the recollection of this accident, "it is nothing! I thought I had opened on my palette those accursedreds which sent me out, and—"

"You are a fool!" replied Beatrice in a softened tone. "You ought to blow your brains out that your friends at least have preserved their senses, and consult their interests, which you will have utterly indifferent. You must dress yourself and go to Chevaroche Pasulli, who expects you."

"Chevaroche Pasulli! who is that?"

"One of the richest merchants in Naples."

"I don't know him at all."

"But he knows you; he has been spoken to about you; he has a great opinion of your talent, and wishes, I suppose, to employ you.—It will be ready money. What! are you going to refuse?"

"Certainly not. Pasulli is a respectable man; he has only to come and fix a price on my large picture."

"What! wont you go and see him?"

At this question, the painter turned away in a passion, muttering between his teeth some words, among which could be distinguished, "Utterly insupportable! lost inspiration!"

"Nonsense!" cried Beatrice, "I tell you, you shall go to Pasulli, if I were to push you by my shoulders. You may toss your head as much as you please. Fie! it is perfectly shameful. Such conduct indicates a bad heart.—Are you alone in the world, that you should think of conducting yourself so foolishly?—Were you shall have your end away, what will become of poor old Beatrice, who never left you? My dear child," she continued, in a caressing tone, "I know you love me, and you know I should repeat my offer a ten times for you. If I offended you awhile ago by speaking lightly of your painting, you must forgive me, though—come, here is your sweet soul on my neck again, which gives you such a gallant air when you wear it, a little on one side. Your double, also! is quite worn.—Conceal it well with your cloak. That will do very well! Now hold up your head, my boy, assume a haughty air, and turn up your mustaches. Really, you have the appearance and the gait of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.—Should there be any letters at Pasulli's, be all gallantry and attention. I have been young myself, do you see, and I speak from experience."

"Hang those old dowagers!" muttered the young man, half-aloud and laughing; "one cannot have a moment's ease with them!"

The painter was introduced by two servants into a splendidly furnished apartment. Large windows extended a spacious garden, from which the eye could range unconstrained, until it was lost in the deep blue of the Mediterranean. A man of lofty stature, but vulgar appearance, was walking up and down the room. It was Pasulli. His daughter, Laura, was seated at the window, supporting her head with her snowy hand, as she inhaled the freshening sea breeze.

The other hand, on resting that way, gave the hid confidence beneath him at once, and he stopped, all trembling, at the sight of her whose beauties he had been describing; but an hour before, in Beatrice. He had scarcely resolution to stammer his name. Pasulli attributed this agitation to her slight acquaintance with the world; and, with an affectation of fashionable, he condescended to reassure him. The familiar tone in which he spoke, roused the young painter from the stupor in which he was plunged, and becoming himself once more, he resumed his air of natural dignity; and raising his head

"No, signor," he replied, "it was not your luxuries, nor your riches, nor the accessories of wealth, which are so imposing to other men, that have dazzled me; but God always manifests himself to me in the beauty of his creatures, and if you say me so confused, it was because I was admiring one of his most perfect works."

It was now Laura's turn to blush. She recognised the same young man, whose eyes had gazed on her bosom in evident admiration as the Pasulli made no remark on this silent scene, and without being conscious of it, he increased the interest which the daughter had already conceived for the young artist. Whilst the merchant, smitten with a sense of his own importance, supported the character of the first arts, Laura listened with many to every word that fell from him, and whenever he said anything offensive, she cast a look at the young artist, which seemed to compensate for the humiliation to which he had been subjected.

"It is said that you are not without talent," pronounced Pasulli. The painter made a slight inclination of the head. "But you are poor, and obliged to work hard. For my part, I have always had a desire to encourage talent, in hope you will prove yourself worthy of the interest I am about to take in you."

The painter compressed his lips so as to restrain the answer which his hurt pride had suggested. Laura turned toward him. "Are you not a stranger in this city?" she asked, with the sweetest of voices, and most enchanting of accents.

"I am born in Spain," replied the young man, his countenance brightening up, "at Xativa, near Valentia. I left my family when very young to study painting; and now, Signora, after a multitude of objects had me to this beautiful land. I have resided at Rome, at Venice, at Parma, at Florence, wherever the opinions of previous times reigned. I am now stopping at Naples, and I feel that I shall never leave it."

Whilst he was speaking, Laura could not refrain from admiring his animated countenance, and the fire that flashed from his eyes. "May I ask," resumed Pasulli, "to what we are indebted to this flattering preference?"

The painter blushed, but recovering his composure, he said, quietly, "That is my secret."

Laura thought it prudent for her now to interfere. "Ma, mio padre," she said, "your questions are unfeeling. This signor wishes, perhaps, to give you to understand that he is not a fashionable painter."

"Eh, signorina," interrupted the painter with warmth, "I am not an expensive painter, nor a fashionable designer;" from the bottom of my heart, and God forsake me!" Laura promptly stopped her hand to conceal the blush that covered her face and neck.

"Let us drop that subject," said Pasulli.—"The child reproaches me with being curious, when she herself is a hundred times more so. Let us sit down and talk of business. Would you think twenty-five ducats sufficient? I am a word, what is your price?"

"Tell me first what description of painting you desire."

"Why, that is what I would propose to you: the artist has thrown down my old age, and I would wish to have it replaced by something more remarkable."

"A sign" cried the young artist, about to rise from his seat; but a look of supplication from Laura, fixed him in his place. His emotion, however, was so great, that he could neither express his refusal nor compliance.

Pasulli calmly continued—"Do you refuse? for that can be all you that this is a splendid opportunity to make yourself known, and if you possess talent, you cannot find a better means of exhibiting it. The reputation of my house will add to your own. It will be a powerful recommendation: all my friends will employ you, and I pledge you my word, that there are a great many signs to be repainted in Naples. I still twenty-five ducats, and, in all conscience it is a large price."

"Will you allow me to select my own subject?" asked the painter, after a moment's reflection.

"Certainly, I will depend so far upon you.—Provided the sign be well executed, I care not much what the subject be. A sign ought to have something very brilliant about it—something that will strike the eye at a distance; that is all I require."

"And what is the price you propose giving?" demanded the painter, with a bitter smile.

"Have I not told you? twenty-five ducats.—Should it please me, you shall do my portrait, and I will double the sum. You see you have in me a patron worth cultivating."

"I thank you," said the painter, rising. "If you find that I succeed, you shall have a public proof. My have asked five hundred ducats. Keep the twenty-five ducats you propose giving me. The sign shall not cost you a paolo. I wish to make myself known, and with that view I shall accept the means you propose. You may announce," he added, coldly, "with a single stroke, you will have utterly indifferent. You must dress yourself and go to Chevaroche Pasulli, who expects you."

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Saturday Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1841.

REMOVAL.—The Office of the Saturday Evening Post has been removed to the South West Corner of Chesnut and Third streets. Entrance is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-humored countenances of our subscribers at any time.

Foreign Affairs.

The news received by the Acadia and President, is calculated to awaken much speculation as to the chances of a general war in Europe. The long threatened attack on China, has been made by England, in the destruction of the fort at Tigris, and a small force is said to be now necessary to bear the result of this wanton and unjustifiable aggression. Nor is the bombardment of Canton, and the capture of Amoy, unaccompanied from present appearances, this measure may not bring on a general war in Europe, yet, the act was as wanton as it was hasty—and by the accounts of the last packet, we should fear that it is delayed, if not altogether prevented an accommodation.

The position of England, with respect to China, no one can regard without regret. Her present attitude is overbearing, insolent, and tyrannical. It cannot, for a moment, be supposed that the Opium question is the real matter at issue between her and the Chinese—for never before has such a pretext been made to cover such ground. Besides, even on that question, she is wrong. Her arguments are the arguments of a highway robber—her demands are such as no nation ought to listen to. If the Chinese choose to exclude Opium from their dominions, they have the right to do it—and that right being once conceded, they may enforce any penalties, short of war. The English laws against smuggling, were as severe as rigid as the laws in China, against the importation of Opium. Yet they were enforced with the utmost rigor, and enforced indiscriminately upon foreigners or subjects. As few subjects of Britain offend against the laws enforced with the utmost rigor, and enforced indiscriminately upon foreigners or subjects. As few subjects of Britain offend against the laws of their own country, as foreigners clapping their hands with at business—demanding with ungenerous the name of the artist, who, under the semblance of a sign-painter, had in truth a masterly style, the magnificent painting of the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew. The painting had been put over the door at night, and, consequently, was not perceived till the following morning. When the first transports of admiration had subsided, the ambitious artist's countenance betrayed a profound feeling of terror, this sublime production.

The saint was represented lying on his side, with his head resting on his arm, with a peaceful attitude toward the Chinese empire, and attempt to carry out her own high-handed measures in violation of the rights of another nation, is a master-piece of folly. But the Opium question is only a pretence, to cover the real object of Great Britain—the conquest, or at least, the absolute subjection of the Chinese people. The history of the world is full of the story of nations wronged by aggrandizing power. Ireland leads off the van—and perhaps China may bring up the rear. The avarice of England is the real cause of this unjust aggression. The capitalists of London have fixed their eyes on China, as the best East Indian empire; the golden days of Clive are sought to be re-enacted in another clime and century; and the wealthy bankers of the richest mart in the world, sigh for a new Bengal, with its unbridled princes, its plundered capitals, and its enslaved people.

The movements of the allies in the Mediterranean are more closely connected with this question than may at first be imagined. The great struggle going on there now between diplomatists, and bidding fair soon to be transferred to armies, is whether England or Russia shall have the direction of the road to India through Syria. So long as the Pasha of Egypt retains possession of this position he will be a powerful ally, and whichever power it, and they are therefore prepared to wage millions in a war to win back Syria for the Forte. This France will not think it worth—all the story of the greater powers dictating to and consulting the lesser ones at will. From such tyranny we are happily alike protected by distance and strength. Whatever may happen, our progress may lead us to take in this contest, no one can fail to admire the stern determination with which the Paris asserts its rights.

The French have announced their determination to support Egypt; and the resolution is, in their situation, saluting. The Czar has declared for the East, notwithstanding the failure of Dupetit in Bengal, and the disastrous termination of Napier and Lynch's expedition to the Dead Sea, tal conquests. The rich prize of Hindostan has long inflamed their desires. They sigh for its fertile soil, they watch every opportunity, and deem regime with an eagle's ken. For this purpose they have long had their eye on Syria, long a part of it in possession of the Porte, they can exercise no influence over its affairs.

But more than all the French panel for war. Twenty-five years of peace have dulled their ears, and a new generation has grown up since Napoleon's fall. All the horrors of battle are forgotten. They think only of the glory of the "grande nation." The terrors of treasury exhausted, of the conscription—the fear of conquests have past from their memory. They dream daily of redressing the wrongs of their country, as it was at Waterloo and Montmartre. With the single exception of the moneyed men, whose interests are linked in with the constitutional system, the whole heart, in sympathy with the warlike ardour of the people, and the cry of "war to the knife," is for war and no other class of her people which is thus eager for a war; but it is old and young, rich and poor, of every class, who are longing to and fro in her midst, realising the words of Byron

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell."

The French nation is, however, always unhappy in being pitted single-handed against all Europe. Perhaps, however, in the present instance this appalling minority, by precluding all hope of a successful war, may be the cause of peace being maintained for three years of repine, unanimity and hatred be averted from England.

Naturalization Frauds.

The courts of law, as well as a large portion of our citizens, have been thrown into consternation this week, by the discovery of the interpolation of false naturalization papers into the records of the Courts of Quarter and General Sessions.—The record book has been defaced by the tearing out of leaves, and the insertion of newly written papers false, dated two years back. On this fabulous evidence, we learn, many persons have been naturalized. Judges Ring and Watson, of their respective courts, are on the alert to discover the authors of the fraud.

The police have not only duty to notice a mere scandalous perversion of the elective franchise than this; and for the honor of our country we hope they will be equal to the duty of vindicating of their character. Our rights—our liberties—our property itself depend on maintaining the purity of the franchise. Our fathers and our brave guards placed around it by the wisdom of our fathers must be respected, or we are lost. It is the ark of our safety—the sanctuary of our liberties—the evil is the same. The right of a voter should ever be held sacred. The moment it is so far disregarded as to be fraudulently allowed to others, that moment the dissolution of our liberties begins. It is but one step from corruption to conflict—from conflict to the tyranny thence to death. The man who could thus assail the dearest rights of his fellow citizens, has nothing in common with the patriotism of our revolutionary sires.

Music.

G. W. Hewitt & Co. 184 Chesnut street, have a fine selection of the latest and most fashionable music. We have a variety of specimens before us, among which we may enumerate "Spring is Coming," "Elender Quadrilles," "The Betrothed," etc. The last is a good piece, and the collection, altogether worthy of a place on the music stands of our fair friends.

From the London and Paris Ladies' Mag. of Fashions.

Fashions for November.

It appears to be decided that bonnets will continue to be worn small in winter, and as great novelties are promising in Phœnix, we augur favorable for prosperity in Phœnix, we augur favorable for prosperity in Phœnix, we augur favorable for prosperity

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$5 per annum—$2 of post in advance; $1.50 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" or "*frank*" is not a frank.

Letters on business must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

Unpaid letters will not be taken from the Post office on account of postage to us.

Papers discontinued only 1 the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only on the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

The Bank Notes of every Bank received in payment for this office.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make large remittances, without which it is difficult to keep ourselves current. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to a copy gratis.

Remittances should be made, and letters addressed *post paid*, to the end to which the paper is to be addressed.

Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.

Salem Banking Company, Salem, N. J.—5's altered from 1's. They may be detected by the fact that the vignette of Liberty, and also of the Arms of the State—the altered bills, are of coarse, different.

National Bank, Providence, R. I.—3's letter A, pay to bearer, dated June 12, 1840, F. Bourn, Cashier, Engraved. Vignette two females. Ships in the distance—purport to be engraved by Draper, Toppan & Co.

The Exchange & Banking Co. N. O. La.—5's letter A, payable at Baltimore—various date. The names of the Cashier and President engraved—miserably executed.

Union Bank of Delaware, Wilmington, Del.—20's altered from 1's. May be detected by the vignette—a female, one arm resting on a bucket —on left end, a female and the figure 20.

Bridgeport Bank, Bridgeport, Conn.—20's altered from 2's. Vignette of the altered bills two females, watching Ships in the distance—may be detected by holding up to the light.—*Reporter.*

A Bank Failure.

The Commercial Bank of Millington (Md.) has stopped payment. Immediately after this had became known, the people of the neighborhood took possession of the banking house—opened the vaults, took out the specie, and sat down to pay their hands upon, and adjourned from there to a tavern opposite, and then redeemed the notes of the bank to the amount of those taken from the vaults of the concern—$965. It is said the circulation of the institution amounts to $100,000.—*Sun.*

The notes of the Farmers' and Millers' Bank of Hagerstown Md. cannot now be sold in this city. The Institution has been in operation only a few months.—*Ibid.*

Resumption in Philadelphia.

We think we can see no connexion with confidence to our readers, that all the Banks of Philadelphia, will resume specie payments, on the 3rd of January coming. The arrangement between the U. S. Bank and the other Banks of Philadelphia, to which we have several times alluded, has now been definitively concluded, and will be carried into effect all in good time. The Bank of the U. States having submitted her books to the examination of a Committee of one from each Bank, the Institutions that hesitated—our county, the Commercial, the Farmers' & Mechanics' and the Mechanics' Bank, satisfied themselves as to the security of any loans that might be made, in order to assist resumption, and the difficulty was thus at once obviated.

Political Intelligence.

Pennsylvania Election.

It is almost impossible, even yet, to obtain an accurate table of the popular vote of Pennsylvania, on the late election. The returns, however, have been prepared with some care, and we believe comes nearer the truth than any we have yet seen. The counties marked with a star have the official returns.

	1836		1840.
	Porter.	*Ritner.*	*Clarke.*
Chester,	2,197	2,197	2,197
Allegheny,	2074	3023	3344
Northampton,	1,884	320	
Beaver,	1037	1077	1039
Bedford,	1,967	1,964	
Berks,	4,967	4,964	4633
Bucks,	1,967	1,964	227
Butler,	1,968	1,966	
Cambria,	450	450	144
Centre,	1809	304	615
Lancas',	4977	4977	
Cumberland,	479	384	378
Columbia,	1,524	1,524	
Crawford,	1614	1632	650
Cumberland,	1994	1,994	
Clinton, new,		148	
Clinton, do.		370	
Dauphin,	1372	1993	530
Delaware,	1,030	1,030	329
Erie,	1312	2124	1360
Fayette,	2170	2170	
Franklin,	2135	2273	367
Fulton,	304	304	104
Mcnaughan,	1,340	2028	704
Indiana,	682	1310	400
Jefferson,	244	229	150
Juniata,	627	626	
Lancaster,	6144	6240	3709
Lebanon,	1,156	1,156	344
Lehigh,	1,987	1784	979
Luzerne,	2,968	1,613	749
Lycoming,	1,735	928	414
Mercer,	1,653	1,991	370
Mifflin,	917	748	78
Monroe,	1,004	1,004	727
Montgomery,	3446	2,899	962
Northampton,	1,985	1,125	871
Northumberland,	1401	718	778
Perry,	1,813	1,813	749
Philadelphia city,	8028	5747	1906
do. county,	7,915	6,346	2570
Pike,	256	92	118
Potter and M'Kean,	1,020	1,020	790
Schuylkill,	4,364	1,364	1,364
Somerset,	1,280	1,280	1494
Susquehanna,	1,115	1,115	674
Tioga,	1,047	680	704
Union,	1,743	1,239	967
Venango,	967	660	260
Warren,	1,296	1,296	267
Washington,	3644	3965	
Wayne,	1,043	1,043	331
Westmoreland,	3978	1,725	2121
York,	2736	2,736	1,736
	91,474	87,111	48,623 11 R 6
	87,111		19,096
Democratic maj.	4,364		3267
Official majority,			

The majority for Governor Porter, in 1836, was about 9000. In 1836 the legislative tickets were carried by an aggregate majority of 20,000, for the Democrats, while, three weeks later, the Presidential ticket succeeded only by the above majority of 4,364.

In our table, Beaver is set down at 1039 whig. All the democratic papers make it only 700. This would increase their majority to 5700. Some of the whig papers give majorities in a few counties greater than we have given, while the democratic papers give them much smaller majorities in others. When the truth could not otherwise be arrived at, we have taken the mean between conflicting statements. Scarcely any paper, however, of either party, has added up their table correct.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

The SENATE.—The Senate consists of 33 members—the state of 11 of whom, under the new Constitution, are vacated by the expiration of their term during the last session stood thus—Van Buren 17, Harrison 16. Of the members whose seats are vacated, 5 were Van Buren and 6 Harrison, which made the remaining members stand, 9 Van Buren, 13 Harrison.

The late election, by terminating in the choice of 9 Whigs, and 4 Van Buren members, has given the former party—it will be seen—a majority of 7 in the present Senate. This is a gain of 4 on last year.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The House of Representatives consists of 100 members, of whom last session there were 68 Van Buren and 32 Harrison. It will now stand 40 Van Buren, to 31 Whig members, besides one member from Armstrong, Mr. Johnston, whose principles are conservative, and whom neither party can justly claim, although he was supported by the Whigs, in opposition to the regular administration candidate. This shows a nett gain of 20 to the Whigs, but including Mr. Johnston.

Congressmen Elected to Pennsylvania. District.

1.	Charles Brown, V. B.	
2.	John Sergeant, Whig.	
	George W. Toland, Whig.	
3.	Charles J. Ingersoll, V. B. gain.	
4.	John Edwards, Whig.	
	Jeremiah Brown, Whig.	
	Francis Jones, Whig.	
5.	Joseph Fornance, V. B.	
6.	Robert Ramsey, Whig gain.	
7.	John Strohm, V. B.	
8.	Peter Newhard, V. B.	
9.	George M. Keim, V. B.	
10.	William Simonton, Whig.	
11.	James Gerry, V. B.	
12.	James Cooper, Whig.	
13.	* William W. Ramsey, V. B.	
14.	James Irwin, Whig gain.	
15.	Benjamin A. Bidlack, V. B.	
16.	John Stephens, V. B.	
17.	Davis Disnock, V. B.	
18.	Charles Ogle, Whig.	
19.	Albert G. Marchand, V. B.	
20.	Enos Hoot, V. B.	
21.	Joseph Lawrence, Whig gain.	
22.	William W. Irvin, Whig.	
	H. M. Brashearbridge, Whig.	
23.	William Jack, V. B.	
24.	Thomas Henry, Whig.	
25.	Arnold Plumer, V. B. re-elected.	

* Mr. Ramsay committed suicide in Baltimore a few days since.

New Jersey Election.

The election which took place in the State of New Jersey on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, resulted in the choice of the Whig ticket by a majority of 12 out of the 18 members of the Council (equivalent to our Senate,) and 41 out of 53 members of the Assembly. They have consequently a majority of 7 in the former and 29 in the latter, thus securing to them the Governor, and a U. S. Senator in the room of Garret D. Wall, (V. B.) whose term expires on the 4th of March next. Congressmen will not be chosen until the 3d and 4th of November, the day of the Presidential election in that State.

The popular vote is still a disputed ground, as in some counties there was no contest. The Whig majority, however, may be set down at about 1115, though the Van Buren papers make it smaller, and the Whig journals somewhat increase it.

Mass. Congressional Districts.

The votes in the two Congressional Districts, which failed to make a choice on the 4th of March, have been counted by the Governor and Council. In the Eastern District, Mr. Noyes only lacks 73 of an election.

NOYES.	LOVELL.	WHEELER & SCATTERING.
Whig	V. B.	
4721	4647	304

In the Oxford District, the vote stood

Lowe.	LITTLEFIELD.	PARRIS.	SCATTERING.
Whig	V. B. (Reg.)	Irregular.	
2,287	2,187		86

Mr. Long having failed of an election by 1,501 votes. No time has been appointed for a second trial in these Districts.

Ohio Election.

* An extra from the Ohio State Journal, dated at Columbus on the 12th, 7 P. M. contains returns from 71 out of the 78 counties in the State. In these 71 can this the majorities stand thus

For Corwin (W.)	29,853
For Shannon (V. B.)	11,561
Whig majority,	17,292

In the same counties in 1838, the Van Buren majority was 5701.

The three counties which remain to be heard from—Henry, Van Wert and Williams—gave a Van Buren majority of 47 in the year 1838.

Baltimore Election.

On Monday, the election for Mayor and Councils of Baltimore took place, and on Tuesday, the election resulted, in the choice of Samuel Brady, Esq. the Democratic candidate, by a majority of 1,500 votes, and a majority of Democrats in both branches of the City Council. At the State Election on the 7th inst. the Van Buren majority in the city was 2,500, and in the city and the Delegates ticket 193. The whole number of votes cast at the State Election on the 7th was 14,442. At the election on Monday, the whole number of votes cast was 14,068—being less by 374 than were polled on the 7th instant.

Georgia Election.

Eighty-five counties have been heard from, and 8 are yet to come in. The majority so far for the Whigs, in the Congressional ticket is 4389, being a gain of 1,153. The counties to come in will reduce this majority to about 3000. Both branches of the newly elected Legislature being for the Whigs, that party, a U. S. Senator in place of Mr. Lumpkin, (V. B.) whose term expires on the 4th of March next. No Governor was chosen this year, as has been in the 2 years. The Whig Congressmen from this State are opposed to a tariff and a national bank.

South Carolina Election.

But few of the returns from this state have come in. As far as received, however, they show that the state will go for the administration.

In the Charleston District, the Hon. J. E. Holmes (V. B.) has no opposition.

In the Barnum district, S. S. Butler (V. B. had no opposition. In the same district, 4 Van Buren members were elected to the state House of Representatives.

In Columbia, 4 Whigs are elected to the state legislature.

In Darlington, 1 V. B senator and 2 representatives are elected to the state legislature.

In the Edgefield district, F. W. Pickens (V. B.) was re-elected to Congress without opposition. The U. S. senators were also chosen for the state legislature.

In St. Thomas and St. Dennis, J. E. Holmes has been also re-elected to Congress, and R. Ellis to the state legislature.

In Richmond District the Whigs have chosen their entire ticket. This district was, last year, a Van Buren one.

A LUCKY WOMAN.—The New York Tanler says there is living in Centre street, in that city, a woman, who has married by an aggregate majority of 20,000, for the Democrats, while, three weeks later, the Presidential ticket succeeded only by the above majority of 4,364.

In our table, Beaver is set down at 1039 whig. All the democratic papers make it only 700. This would increase their majority to 5700. Some of the whig papers give majorities in a few counties greater than we have given, while the democratic papers give them much smaller majorities in others. When the truth could not otherwise be arrived at, we have taken the mean between conflicting statements. Scarcely any paper, however, of either party, has added up their table correct.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

The SENATE.—The Senate consists of 33 members—the state of 11 of whom, under the new Constitution, are vacated by the expiration of their term during the last session stood thus—Van Buren 17, Harrison 16. Of the members whose seats are vacated, 5 were Van Buren and 6 Harrison, which made the remaining members stand, 9 Van Buren, 13 Harrison.

The late election, by terminating in the choice of 9 Whigs, and 4 Van Buren members, has given the former party—it will be seen—a majority of 7 in the present Senate. This is a gain of 4 on last year.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The House of Representatives consists of 100 members, of whom last session there were 68 Van Buren and 32 Harrison. It will now stand 40 Van Buren, to 31 Whig members, besides one member from Armstrong, Mr. Johnston, whose principles are conservative, and whom neither party can justly claim, although he was supported by the Whigs, in opposition to the regular administration candidate. This shows a nett gain of 20 to the Whigs, but including Mr. Johnston.

DEBTORS AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—A little daughter of John Argyle, a constable of the Sixth Ward Northern Liberties, was so shockingly burned on Friday evening, as to occasion her death early on Saturday morning. The deceased was playing nearly opposite her father's house, with some shavings and loose bars matches in her apron, when they became ignited and instantaneously the whole of her clothing was in a blaze, completely enveloping her in flames. The mother of the poor little sufferer was looking out of a window at the time of the accident, and witnessed the awful situation of her daughter, but was rendered unable, from nervous debility and fullness of blood, to render assistance. Unfortunately, water, instead of other means, was used by those who were near to quench the flames, which had the effect of increasing the sufferings of the deceased and hastening her death.

VENDING POLITICS.—On Friday last, Andrew M. Grand of the Northern Liberties, lodged complaint at the office of Alderman Lane against a man named William H. Morgan, whom he charged with selling polities to different members of his family. He testified that his wife had been in the habit for the last year of sending her children to Morgan's office in Vine street near Sixth, and buying a number of tickets—sometimes spending as much as 2, 4 and $6 a week, and that he in consequence had been out of pocket between $30 and $100. A warrant was issued by the Alderman and Morgan arrested, and in default of 10,000 dollars bail, committed.

MORE WORK WANTED.—The subject is now being agitated of a division of the city into a greater number of Wards. We think it should be done decidedly. The number of voters in some of the wards are so great, that hours have to be passed in waiting to secure a vote, and many we have no doubt are compelled to leave without the opportunity of exercising their elective franchise. The evil can only be remedied by increasing the number of polls, and it should be done instantly.

SUDDEN INFANTICIDE.—On Wednesday evening, a woman named Catharine, named Jane Callahan, who has been in the service of Mr. Murdock, Comedian, South street, near North, a short two weeks, was arrested and taken before Alderman Camelin, on the suspicion of having caused the death of her new born infant. The infant was found wrapped up in a blanket in the garret of Mr. Murdock's house. The mouth and throat of the infant were stuffed with paper and cloth. She was committed to Moyamensing for a further hearing.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—Thursday morning, the Coroner held an inquest on the body of Mary Smith, found dead in the yard of the infant mentioned above. The jury after hearing a number of witnesses returned a verdict of suicide.

The Coroner made a *post mortem* examination of the body, when there was every evidence that the child had been murdered.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—The Coroner held an inquest on Wednesday morning upon the body of a man, name unknown, aged about 30, who was found dead on Monday night lying exposed at the corner of Second and Callowhill streets, and was taken to the Northern Liberties watch-house, where he died during the night. The jury returned a verdict of death from intemperance and exposure. The deceased appeared to have been a labourer on the wharves near Callowhill street. The body was taken to the Green House for dissection.

NORTHERN LIBERTIES BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS.—The old and newly elected members of the Board of Commissioners of the Northern Liberties, met at the Hall on Tuesday morning and organized. John T. Smith, of the Seventh Ward, was elected President of the Board. Mr. Wm. M. Plaskett, Clerk elect of the district, was duly sworn in, and entered upon the duties of his office.

U. S. DISTRICT COURT.—This Court, on Wednesday, discharged the Grand Jury summoned before it on the 2nd of March which exists in the mind as to the circumstances in which it was called upon the first session of Congress relative to summoning both Grand and Petit Jurors. The Jurors were taken from the Marshal and conferred upon officers not under its control.

NATURALIZATION FRAUDS.—Before the Court of General Sessions on Monday morning, W. B. Reed, Esq. obtained a rule to show cause why the naturalization papers of Jacob Snyder, and five others should not be vacated. The rule was made returnable on Saturday to-day, at 10 o'clock. Counsel for defendants, Jos. A. Sidney, Esq.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—The Coroner held an inquest on Monday morning on board of the schooner American Eagle, at Walnut street wharf, on the body of one of the crew of the vessel, named Charles Clarke, who died suddenly on Sunday night. Verdict of the jury—"Came to his death by visitation of God, and natural causes."

ANOTHER MURDERER.—A new paper called the Cincinnati Gazette, has been started in that city. Price one cent—it is the only one which we ever saw that was worth anything

DUTCHER'S CASE.—A vote on the question of the reincorporation of the town and county of Alexandria, (D. C.) to the State of Virginia was taken on Tuesday last, and resulted in favor of the measure.

NEW YORK CANAL TOLLS.—The amount received for tolls on the New York State Canals, during the season of navigation, which has just closed, reached eight hundred and ninety-one dollars and four cents.

MANGLED TO DEATH.—Last Saturday a fine lad aged 10 years, was caught in the machinery of Howell's mill, near Buffalo, and his limbs so dreadfully mangled as to cause his death the same evening.

ALL RECOVERED.—The furniture and freight of the steamboat Erie, which was burnt on the 9th on the Missouri river, is stated to have been recovered with the exception of two hogsheads of tobacco.

SOUTH BOSTON.—The steamboat Philadelphia burst her boiler when about to leave the wharf at Toronto on Thursday week, and seriously scalded two of her crew.

THE CLERICAL RACE.—The U. S. Gazette says that the Presbytery of New Brunswick, at their late meeting, recommended to their brethren the adoption of the gown in the pulpit.

PATIENCE INDEED.—A bonnet is now exhibiting at the Institute in Nolan's Garden, New York, made of *peach stones!* It contains 2,000 seeds and 17,776 stones, each taken with a needle!

MRS. GORE.—This famous lecturess and her daughter has arrived at New York, and put up at the City Hotel.

RESCUED FROM VALUE.—The Governor of Hawaii has reduced the value of our small silver money, so that 5 and 10 cent pieces will no longer pass for half and "half ten."

THE N. Y. SIGNAL.—This paper is now issued in the morning instead of the evening. Horace Greeley, Esq., has associated himself in it with Messrs. Benjamin and Sargent.

POST OFFICE.—John Smith, Esq. was duly sworn in on Tuesday morning, as Master of the city letter post.

SUDDEN SUICIDE.—St. Louis Pennant of the 7th instant, says that the coroner had been summoned to hold an inquest on the body of Mr. Jacob Post, who committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a rifle ball.

JUDGE LYON.—A Canadian magistrate has been brought to Montreal and lodged in jail, on a charge of theft.

NO POSTAGE.—The Boston and Liverpool steam packets carry no letters. Remember that. The New York steamers do.

SO SO.—The New York Planet says several boxes of needles have been left at that office, and wants owners.

REPLACEMENT.—To speak of a divorce, says the Pilot once, now is vulgar. The phrase substituted for it is "a repeal of the law."

HE IS CONVICTED.—A man named Jacob Leidinger has been convicted at Bethlehem, (N. Y.) of the murder of his wife.

HE PERSONIFIES HIMSELF.—A man named John Shea has been arrested in New York for perjury, in swearing to false naturalization papers.

HE TOOK POISON.—An inmate man named Father committed suicide in the jail at Bangor, Maine, a day or two ago, by taking poison.

MRS. KINNEY.—Mrs. Kinney's case of pretending to come to life, is to be investigated. Messrs. Chesly and Rantoul are counsel for the prisoner.

EDITORS IS RIF.—Major Noah, late of the N. York Star, has been appointed associate Judge of the City Council Court of that city.

CANAL ORDERED.—The Wabash and Erie Canal was opened at Maumee city on the 23d September.

DR. SECRET DEAD.—Dr. Sacket, the famous bonnet maker, died recently at Lebanon, Conn.

IRON SCHOONER.—Another iron steamer was launched on Louisville on the 10th.

The Curtain Rod.

Mr. John Winn the celebrated aeronaut made the remark to us sometime ago, and we published it at the time, that the vexatious and tedious process of ascertaining its gravity always experienced by a person on looking down towards the earth from a great height, is only occasioned when rising or descending upon extending connected with the ground, even if it be only by a rope. that that entirely removed from the earth so much feeling or sensation can be experienced.

It is a singular thing, and we observe that our remarkes appear to be fully verified by us alluding to a curious character. We can only say that Mr. Winn came to the result of his repeated experiences, and willing to make his discovery upon the truth of the observation.

FIRE AT MARSHALL.—The extensive cotton establishment known as the "machine shop," and occupied by Messrs. C. M. Russell, H. & R. Partridge, J. Harrison and J. H. Wheeler, for various mechanical branches was consumed on the evening of the 7th inst. It was in building and effects, $24,000—part of which only was covered by insurance. The fire caught from sparks which communicated to turpentine in the process of boiling varnish.

THE LATE NUISANCE.—In noticing the late meeting of Mr. Ramsay in the city, the Sun says that the meeting a lecture on Chemistry, in Pittsfield, he inhaled some concentrated sulphuric acid, owing to the breaking of some of the apparatus, and was subsequently to be unable to breathe through his mouth or nose, and an incision was made into his windpipe, by which means he was living on Tuesday morning, although there were faint hopes of his recovery. He is President of the Medical School, and Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica in the Berkshire Medical School.

A NEW VIEW OF IT.—The N. Y. Herald, in alluding to the facility and celerity of transit across the Atlantic at the present day, remarks, that although it is 3000 miles broad in one place, and 2,900 miles at another we can eat dinner in New York, on the ocean, and in London and Paris on three successive days—having to have a day or two to spare here and there with perhaps a little sea sickness to be really to make the correct one. It is really astonishing how space appears to vanish before the progressive energies of the 19th cent.

SHOT BY ACCIDENT.—In Plymouth, Mass. a few days since, the wife of Mr. Joseph Raymond of Pembroke was accidentally shot by a gentleman who was examining the lock of a gun belonging to Mr. Raymond. A surgeon was immediately called, but before he could return to procure his instruments she died in death.

REWARD OF THEFT.—The Cincinnati Republican announces the public arrest of a man named Wm. Smith at the bank of Cleveland, of a new issue. They are so well executed that several have been taken by the counterfeit dies in use in the former one.

LITERATURE IN THE NAVY.—Life boats are being introduced into the ships of the Navy. The 1st is the Consort, the sloce of war Boston, and the Reverend Cattie Wolaski, here recently been furnished with boats of Francis construction.

BRIDGE SITE DEAD.—A poor woman named Hostler, living in Eleventh street, Washington, accidentally broke her leg in two places, a day or two since, by a fall from a chair, while reaching for a book.

HOLCOMB'S N.—The banks of Jamaica, W. I. is to resume specie payments.

ALMANAC.

October, 1840.	Sun. rises.	Sun. sets.	Moon's Age.	Weather.
24 Saturday,	6 31	5 17	12 15	
25 Sunday,	6 32	5 16	13 16	
26 Monday,	6 33	5 15	14 17	
27 Tuesday,	6 34	5 14	15 18	
28 Wednesday,	6 35	5 13	16 19	Full 2 11 P. M.
29 Thursday,	6 36	5 12	17 20	Rain 1 P. M.
30 Friday,	6 37	5 11	18 21	Rain 1 P. M.

MARRIED.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mr. James Keating to Miss Susan F. Rhoades, both of this city.

At Salem, N. J. on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Brown, Wm. Van Meter, Esquire, formerly of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Ann Thompson, daughter of Mr. Thomas Thompson, of the former place.

DIED,

On Sunday, the 18th inst. at the residence of John B. Bowers, in the 73d year of his age, Mr. Joseph Lee, a native and citizen of Boston.

On the 20th inst. Patrick Gurney, aged 21 years.

On the 19th inst. Mr. Thomas Hamilton, aged 60 years, a native of Ireland, but for the last 30 years a resident of this city.

On Monday evening, after a protracted illness, Mrs. Ann Francis Cochran, wife of Mr. Robert Cochran, of the Mercury evening, the 19th inst. aged four and a half years, son of Mr. Robert and Mrs. Ann Jane Wilson.

On the 18th inst. John Henry, son of Jacob and Susan Ann Hoffman, aged 1 year and 8 months.

At Cumberland, Md. on the 10th of October, Admiral Thos. Macdonough, U. S. Navy, in the 56th year of his age.

Health Office, October 17, 1840.

INTERMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, *Moyamensing, West Philadelphia and Kensington.*

From the 16th to the 17th October.

DISEASES.	NUMBER.	DISEASES.	NUMBER.
Cholera,	1	Brought over,	37
Consumption,	11	Hooping Cough,	1
Convulsions of		Inflammation of Brain,	2
the Lungs,	11	—— Bowels,	1
Dropsy,	1	—— Lungs,	1
Dysentery,	1	Old Age,	1
Drowned,	1	Scarlet Fever,	1
Epidemic,	1	Unknown,	1
Intemperance,	1		
Inflammation of			
the Lungs,	11		
Measles,	1		
Marasmus,	3		
Old Age,	1		
Palsy,	1		
Scarlet Fever,	1		
Unknown,	1		
	37		45

Of which there were born dead, 2 Males, 1 Female.

Under 1 year, 17 Between 1 and 2 years, 4

Between 2 and 5 years, 3 Between 5 and 10 years, 1

Between 10 and 20 years, 1 Between 20 and 30 years, 5

Between 30 and 40 years, 4 Between 40 and 50 years, 2

Between 50 and 60 years, 2 Between 60 and 70 years, 3

Between 70 and 80 years, 2 Between 80 and 90 years, 1

Between 90 and 100 years, 1

Colored used, 37 23 1 Total, 45——45 1

Of the above, there were 23 Males, 22 Females.

The number and 2 people of color, which are included in the above report.

By order of the Board of Health,

SAMUEL F. MASER, Clerk.

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, at the week ending Thursday.

	price sold for.	amount sold.
$10 shares United States Bank,	6¾	$67 50
do. Philadelphia Bank,	90	90 00
do. do. do.	90	90 00
do. Farmers' & Mech. Bank,	87	87 00
do. Girard Bank,	87½	87 50
do. do.	87½	87 50
do. Mechanics' Bank,	87½	87 50
do. Commercial Bank Stock,	90	90 00
do. Bank of N. Liberties,	87½	87 50
do. Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	62½	62 50

Philadelphia Prices Current for the week.

The Flour market has been very dull during the week, and prices have declined 25 cents per barrel. The receipts of Wheat have been very moderate, and the market has been very active, and prices have advanced 2 cents per bushel. Corn has been in good demand, and prices have advanced 2 cents per bushel. Rye has been in demand, and prices have advanced 5 cents per bushel. Oats have been in demand, and prices have advanced 2 cents per bushel. Whiskey has been in demand, and prices have advanced 1 cent per gallon.

The weather has been very unfavorable for out door operations, and the roads are in a very bad state for the transportation of produce.

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General News.

TRIAL FOR TEMPERANCE.—The Rev. Mr. Pierpont of Boston, is said to have been put on his trial for attention to the temperance cause. That trial, undertaken by a small portion of the proprietors of his Church, largely interested in the manufacture, sale of use of Alcohol, is believed to be wholly new in the annals of this Country.

For our part we can scarcely credit the fact. We should be loath to believe it. We are unwilling to believe that in this age of liberality and tolerance, any man or set of men, would venture publicly to charge upon a Christian minister, the crime of failing to put down that hydra-headed monster—the love of intoxicating drink.

THE LOVE LOCK.—Dr. The Baltimore Sun states that Mr. Knight of the Holiday Street Theatre, while dressing along the street the other day, accidentally dropped his pocket book, containing $1,000. He soon he had proceeded some distance, he discovered his loss, and was about returning his steps to search for the book, when he saw a poor lad running up to him with the pocket book in his mouth. The only reward the generous hearted gentleman had, was a curse from his master. Such a dog would be worth keeping—a tenant that will not apply to any half of the sale, unless he receives rewards that proportionate to the services rendered.—*Ledger.*

FROM FLORIDA.—The Apalachicola Gazette of the 31 inst. says—A few days since, Captain Bailey exposed to the Indians, that they must leave the country belonged to the Indians. This negro states that the Indians consulted among themselves, and told Leon the first full moon, and was sent with five Indians to examine their situation. The Indians in that interview, he states, were several hundred, and among his party to which he belonged, two white men were connected and a number of Creek Indians, and does not know whether Messengers and Indian Billy Bowlegs and Sargent.

NEWS OFFICE.—John Smith, Esq. was duly sworn in on Tuesday morning, as Master of the city letter post.

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Post Office.

Eastern arrives at 5 A M | Eastern closes at 6 P M
New York at 8 A M | New York at 6 P M
Southern, 12 A M | Southern closes at 12 P M
Western, 12 A M | Western at 5 A M

New Music Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of future arrangements with the request to execute a receipt for same. We do not and receipts in that way. Every dollar received in music will be acknowledged as before. Depositors will remember notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can, if they choose, pay the amount of their subscription to him, instead of the latter notifying us, and we will receive the money from him. Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can, if they choose, pay the amount of their subscription to him, instead of the latter notifying us, and we will receive the money from him.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Are the result of many years experimenting, and observing the various operations of the system produced by the various operations of this extraordinary remedy.

NATURAL DRAINS ARE OPENED,

And the blood purified, the cause of many diseases removed, and the head and stomach relieved.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Are composed entirely of vegetable substances of the most innocent nature, which operate by their sympathetic influence on the internal fluids of the body, and thus expel the disease.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Are the best remedy ever discovered for the following complaints of the most distressing character, which they will cure in a short time, if taken according to the directions which accompany each box.

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LIVER COMPLAINT.

This will certainly be removed in 1833 with the following complaints, viz: Dyspepsia, or indigestion, Jaundice, Dizziness of the head, accompanied by a disagreeable sensation of the stomach, Nausea and vomiting, Pain in the side, back and joints, Costiveness, but actually thought one to a daily dose—During a period of 20 years the above complaints, in all their various forms, without removing the slightest relief. I have tried all the remedies recommended for the above complaints, but without success, until I was induced to make a trial of Dr. Jayne's Vegetable Pills, which I have used first, and without exception the most valuable medicine, and sincerely believe they will cure any person who will give them a fair trial. I will supply good health, and many believe me.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Have been the means through Providence, of saving many a life that, under the treatment of the most skilful of the most valuable medicines

THE OLIO.

> Variety's the spice of life,
> That gives it all its flavor.

From the last London Literary Gazette.

The First, and the Last.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

"I'm poor, and far from the love I have borne thee—
The light of other but dreams to fancy;
Yet still my last wish, though despairing, would warn thee
To share the deep sorrow and guilt of the way!
Oh! love was thy land thy regrettable view,
Whilst the true heart that loves like it coldly deserves!
Like the sunbeam which gazeth on innocence now,
That smiles but to clouds its treacherous leaves!

"I'm not at the soldier's dictation to drawn
The engines which must ruin to endorse my home.
For sundown the scratch of the bumper must crown
When thou think'st of thy home and its domestic flowers!
Yes, poor, and far over, the love I once knew!
'Tis not for myself, but for thee, my soul grieves ...
From the husband's deep pensive I weep but for now.
'Tis not happy to bend the night fall from his brow.

FLEETWAY.—We never saw flattery more justifiable than the following, and notwithstanding all French seldom lead thy English yet this incident will show they know when to praise. At the battle of Alvaldi, the flag ship took fire and was blown up with a terrible explosion, by which cir-tast[ophe many hundred Frenchmen were thrown into the sea in the midst of their enemies. Not withstanding the rage of battle many of the sai-lors swam to the English vessels and were heard to exclaim, "Good English,"—"Bon John!" "Give rope, John,"—"good John, give rope."

PAY WORSE THEPHEACH MAN.—A son of the Emerald Isle, who arrived in New York the other day, was asked by an acquaintance to take a glass of grog, and declined, giving as a reason for his refusal that he "belonged to the temperance society in Cork, before leaving Ireland. His friend then said was of no consequence, as a pledge given on Irish soil was not binding here. To "this piece of lath-handed morality Pat indignantly returned—"Do you suppose when I brought me lady to America, I'd be illdur having my word in Ireland?"

TABLEDM.—A woman whose sole merit is that she dances well—of all merits the least meritorious—is actually feted throughout Europe—received at the tables of Emperors and Empresses—housed by Courts—presented with a purse of diamonds by one super-opulent fool—and with a charm, with child of what she spoke to the male by another; demanding, for a few nights of pirouetting and bounding at the Italian Opera, a sum which would feed the laborers of a county for a month."

ORA WAX.—" Why don't you get married?" mischievously asked a young lady of a rather elderly bachelor friend, the other day. "I have, for the last ten years, been trying to find some one who would be silly enough to have me," was the reply. " I guess you haven't been up our way," was the unassuming and heart-fluttering rejoinder. The last we saw of Benedict, he was going "up our way" with a swiftness of fort and determination of purpose that indicated in him a fixed resolution to " conquer or die."

SAXON'S YARN.—A sailor was once telling of a country where the sun was so hot that the inhabitants used no fire.

" How do they bile their kettles then?" said an elderly lady.

" Why, you see," said Jack, " a big glass is rigged on the top of the chimney, which brings the sun in a focus, right into the kettle."

" La sun, what a curse world," said the old lady, as she adjusted her spectacles on her nose.

A KINDLY SUGGESTION.—In the " Household Book" of the reign of *Edward* the Second, it is stated that he ordered to be paid to Sir Nicholas de Bock, Sir Humphrey de Lottlebrod, and Sir Thomas de Clarbec, *for want of bread* (then a very large sum indeed,) *after dragging the King out of bed on Easter morning*." It must have been a most difficult duty, certainly, to merit such a reward at the hands of the bread-and-sovereign.

A RETORT FAUTHFUL.—A physician, passing by a stone-mason's lawful on him, "Good morning, Mr. W——; hard at work, I see: you finish your gravestones as far as 'In memory of,' and then you wait, I suppose, to see who needs a monument next?" " Why, yes," replied the old man, resting for a moment on his mallet, " unless somebody is sick, and you are doctoring him, and then I keep right on."

AN OFFICE SEEKER.—The following dialogue is said to have occurred at Washington on the election of General Jackson:

"General, I want an office, today." "Can't have it sir." "General, I want to be Postmaster."—"Can't have it, sir. You can't read or write, sir." "Then General, for God's sake give me a *pair of breeches*."

NOT IN HASTE.—A clergyman in the North, very homely in his address, thus read the text in passage on the Psalms. " I said in my haste, all men are liars." " Ay," pursued his reverence by way of introduction "ye said it in your haste, David, did ye? gin ye had been here, ye might last said it at your leisure, my man."

PRETTY WOMEN.—Of all other views, a man may as come great, but in the countenance of woman, there is a variety which sets wearing sense at defiance." The divine right of beauty, says Junius, is the only divine right an English man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorised to resist.

PERSUASION.—A Yankee was told by his friends to pump up, after being knocked down by a big fellow who still stood over him on a threatening attitude. " Why, what's the use of my getting up," exclaimed Jonathan, " when that dared great fellow stands ready to knock me right down again ?"

GOOD.—A person said, in our hearing, the other day that odours for the most part, were a thin, pale, faint, and, in fact sickly thing, and the only observation to his chum:—" There, Rob, I told you I often read about the celestial corpora."

LOVE CURED.—Make a superfine suit of clothes, and I shall remain your constant admirer," said a gentleman who was being measured by a tailor. " Heaven forbid," pointedly ejaculated the tailor.

MAGIC OF INTELLIGENCE.—A signboard, near Stowmarket, has the following clear-teal caution to the disorderly :—" All persons found fyghting or trespassin on the ground will be seended with the nixest wigger of the law."

NOT SO BAD.—A young lady being dreadfully frightened at a ball that had broken from his partner, called to some men who were in the neighbourhood to "drive away that gentleman cow !"

WELLESDOG.—" I'll black your face," as the ruffer said to the tips.

" We flatter ourselves we've made a good impression here," as the types said to the paper.

BOTTOM WATER.—The water is so horrible, in Boston, that they can't sent it with milk—it tastes raise the brandy—it is worse than their slippery system, twenty to fill a table spoon.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Out of our exchanges compilation that has not like long articles—the tailor, (who could?) and says that "short paragraphs are all the go."

CHILDREN.—Miss Sedgwick beautifully remarks that, "Children are like angle-stones, not along the road reminding us of the distance we have gone on the journey of life."

NEWSPAPERS.—The intellectual spring into which every body dips his bucket, while few thank the fountain for its supply.

To the Auburn Parrot.
BY WILLIAM J. PRAMOT.

Resplendent from the thine!
Triumphant beauty's queen in the west!
Beginning with holy love the heart's pure silver,
Till tears afford relief.

When the'lily droops be trusted!
More eloquent in breathless silence than,
Than where the moon of glad conquerors pealed
From crowds with shouts.

Come from thy walks the flowers!
Then submit not the it forms thy paths to flesh ;—
The fairest creation of the universe known
Their hose could not banish.

I love thee in the Spring,
Earth crowning flower! when I would thy shelter
The gentle fourth fine waves her tell'ring wing.
And joy fills till thy glades.

In the hot Summer time,
With deep delight I see yonder cedar I roam,
Or, scathed by some cool brooke melodious chime,
Rest on thy mystic loam.

But O, when AUTUMN'S hand
Hath marked thy bounteous fol'age for the grave,
How doth thy spirit rise, as entranced I stand,
My willing heart enslave!

I linger then with thee,
Like some fond lover at the new stricken bride.
Whose bright, unearthly beauty tells that she
Have may not long abide.

When are last leaves are come.
Great God! ere yet life's span shall all be filled,
And there is nothing left to me but memory,
The looking heart be stilled.

Smile then in love as blest—
Let glooms of Heaven in my spirit play ;
So shall my soul rise to eternal rest,
To joy pass away!

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Continued from our last.]

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

At length the play came to an end, and Mr. Isaac Lot rose the only winner. Mat and the landlord then their losses with peculiar fortitude. Isaac pocketed his gains with the air of a man who had quite made up his mind to win, and all others to lose. Then the party broke up, and passing over the cards, dealing them as they had been dealt before, and turning up the different cards as they were dealt, each one knew how he or they had still been playing. He was quite absorbed in this occupation, when the child drew near and laid her hand upon his shoulder, telling him it was near midnight.

"See the curse of poverty, Nell," he said, resisting in the packs he had spread out upon the table. "If I could have gone on a little longer, the luck would have turned on my side. Yes, it's so plain as the marks upon the cards. See here—and there—and there again."

" Put them away," urged the child. " Try to forget them."

" Try to forget them !" he rejoined, raising his haggard face to hers, and regarding her with an incredulous stare. " To forget them ! How are we ever to gain rich if I forget them?"

The child could only shake her head.

" No, no, Nell," said the old man, patting her cheek; " they must not be forgotten. If I were awake amends for this as soon as we can. Patience—patience, and we'll right them yet, I promise you. Come, we'll go to-morrow. And nothing can be won without patience, and I've nothing. Come, I am ready."

" Do you know what the time is?" said Mr. Groves, as he was speaking with his friends—" Past twelve o'clock—"

" And a rainy night," added the stout man.

" The Valiant Soldier, by Charles Gowie. Good bed. Cheap entertainment for man and beast," said Mr. Groves, quoting his sign aloud. " Half-a-crown the night."

" It's very late," said the uneasy child. " I wish we had gone before. What will they think of me? I am sure I have lost all sense of time or get back. What would it cost, sir, if we stopped here ?"

" Two good beds one-and-sixpence ; supper and beer one shilling ; total, two shillings and sixpence," replied the Valiant Soldier.

" Now, Nell has said the point of gold even in her dream ; and when she came to consider the lateness of the hour, and the somnolent habits of Mrs. Jarley, and to imagine the state of consternation in which they would certainly throw that good lady by knocking her up in the middle of the night—and when she reflected, on the other hand, that if they stopped where they were, and rose early in the morning, they might get back before she awoke, and would plead the sudden illness of the child as the cause of their overtaken, as a good apology for their absence—she decided, after a great deal of hesitation, to remain where she was. She therefore took a grandfather's candle, and telling him that she had still enough left to defray the cost of their lodging, proposed that they should stay there for the night.

" If I had but that money before—if I had only known of it a few minutes ago!" muttered the old man.

" We will decide to stop here if you please," said Nell, turning hastily to the landlord.

" I think that's prudent," returned Mr. Groves. " You shall have your supper directly."

Accordingly when Mr. Groves had smoked his pipe out, knocked out the ashes, and placed it carefully in a corner of the fire-place, with the bowl downward, he brought in the bread and cheese, and beer, with many high encomiums upon their excellence, and bade his guests fall to, and make themselves at home. Nell and her grandfather sit sparingly, for both were consumed with child sickness—inflictions in the appetite for whose constitutions beer was too weak and tame a liquid, consoled themselves with spirits and tobacco.

As they would leave the house very early in the morning, the child, was anxious to pay for their entertainment before they retired to bed. But as she felt the necessity of concealing her little hoard from her grandfather, and had to change the piece of gold, she took it secretly from its place of concealment, and embraced an opportunity of delivering the landlord when he went out of the room, and tendered it to him in the little bar.

" Will you give me the change here, if you please," said the child.

Mind! Access Groves was evidently surprised, and looked at the money, and rung it, and looked at the child, and at the money again, as though he were about to inquire how she came by it. But something in her appearance, however, and changed at his house, he probably fo', like a wise landlord, that it was no business of his. At any rate, he counted out the change, and gave it to her. The child was returning to the room where they had passed the evening, when she fancied she saw a figure just gliding out of the door. She saw nothing but a long dark passage between this door and the place where she had changed the money, and, being very certain that no person had passed in or out while she stood there, the thought struck her that she had been watched.

But for whom? When she re-entered the room, she found its inmates exactly as she had left them. The stout fellow lay upon two chairs, resting his head upon his hand, and the opposite man reposed in a similar attitude on the opposite side of the table. Between them sat her grandfather, looking intently at the winner with a kind of hungry admiration, and from time to time he would nod as if he were quite superior being. She was puzzled for a moment, and looked round to see if any one else were there. No. Then she asked her grandfather, in a whisper, whether anybody had left the room while she was absent. " No," he said, " nobody."

It must have been her fancy, then ; and yet it was strange, that, without anything in her previous thoughts to lead it to, she should have imagined this figure so very distinctly. She was said wandering and thinking of it, when a gurl came to light her to bed.

The old man took back of the company at the same time, and they front up stairs together. It was a great, rambling house, with dull corridor-like staircases, which the flaring candle seemed to make more gloomy. She left her grandfather in his chamber, and followed her guide to another, which was at the end of a passage and approached by some half-dozen crazy steps. This was prepared for her. The girl lingered awhile to talk, and tell her grievances. She had not a good place, and her wages were low, and the work was hard. She was going to leave it in a fortnight ; the child couldn't understand it—she was never sure, supposed ! Indeed she was afraid another would be difficult to get after living there, for the house had a very indifferent character ; there was too much card-playing, and such like. She was very much mistaken if some of the people who came there, oftenest were quite as honest as they might be, but she would'nt have it known that she but said so, for the world. Then there was room having allusions to a rejected sweetheart, who had threatened to drown himself—a female premier—a knocking at the door early in the morning—and " Good night."

The girl, did not feel comfortable when she was left alone. She could not help thinking of the figure stealing through the passage down stairs ; and what the girl had said did not tend to reassure her. The men were very ill-looking. They might get their living by robbing and murdering travellers. Who could tell ?

Reasoning herself out of these fears, or losing sight of them for a little while, there came the anxiety to which the adventures of the night gave rise. Here was the old grandfather, immured in her grandfather's breast, and to what farther distraction it might tempt him, Heaven only knew. What fears their uncertain might have had already ! Persons might be seeking for them even then. Would they be forgiven in the morning, or turned adrift in the dark ? She could not stopped in that strange place. It would have been better, under any circumstances, to have gone on.

At last, sleep gradually stole upon her—a broken, fitful sleep, troubled by fancies of flaring lights, high towers, and waking with a start and in great terror. A deeper sleep followed this—and then—What! That figure in the room!

A figure was there. Yes, she had drawn up the blind to admit the light when she rose, and there, between the foot of the bed and the dark casement, it crouched and slunk along, groping its way with outstretched hands, and stealing round the bed. She had no voice to cry for help, no power to move, but lay still, watching it. On it came—on, silently and steadily—to the bed's head :—the breath so near her pillow, that she shrunk back into it, lest those wandering hands should light upon her face. Back again it stole to the window—then turned its head toward her.

The dark form was a mere blot upon the lighter darkness of the room, but she could see the turning of the head, and felt and knew how the eyes looked and the ears listened. There it remained, motionless as else. At length, still keeping the face toward her, it bowed its hands it something, and she heard the clink of money.

Then, on it came again, silent and stealthy as before, and, replacing the garments it had taken from the bed-side, dropped upon its hands and knees, and crawled away. How slowly it seemed to move, now that she could see it, and could not creeping along the floor ! It reached the door at last, and stood upon its feet. The stirge creaked beneath its noiseless tread, as it went down.

The first impulse of the child was to fly from the terror of being by herself in that room—to rush down stairs, or anywhere to escape the horrible sensation of being alone with his friends—" Fast twelve o'clock—"

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